2: Krige and Krige E-5 (1928-1939)1943
FX14 Lovedu FX14

has begun making. Her small daughter under puberty has, however, to fetch the dung, as their cattle kraal has not been doctored to make it safe for women to enter without harming the cattle. The old mother of the village head sits basking in the sun in the courtyard, guarding the drying nuts and mealies from the fowls that wander freely about the huts now that the people are away. She wields a long stick and every time a fowl approaches whacks at it to chase it off.

The only sound that can now be heard in the village is the thud of three stampers. A woman and two girls are finishing off their stamping begun two hours before. They pound with long, wooden stampers into large, hour-glass-shaped blocks of wood with brisk up-and-down movements from the waist. It is hard work requiring a fair amount of skill. The first stage in stamping is the *hu thovola* process; hard mealie grains are placed in the stamping block, a little water added, and stamping begins. When the outer husks are loose the grains are placed in a flat winnowing basket, where, with an up-and-down movement, the husks are separated out and allowed to fall on the ground. These will later on be used for feeding pigs. The de-husked grains are put back into the block to be further pounded. After a time this is winnowed again in the basket, the lighter husks being made to fall on top of the rough husks of the first winnowing. The husks of the second winnowing are used for making light beer (*mabudu*) and could in time of scarcity be used for porridge. After being stamped a third time, the maize is generally winnowed into a basket, for the third winnowings are used to make *vuthithi*, a coarsish porridge darker in colour than *vurwa*. What is now left of the mealie grains looks like rather rounded grains of very white rice. This ends the first stage in stamping. Boiling water is poured over these grains, which are soaked for about two hours, then taken out and placed on a roughly made or old winnowing basket to allow the water to drain off. At dawn next morning the second main process (*hu sefa*)—stamping into fine meal—takes place. The result is a very fine, snowy white flour very much like maizena, the pride of the Lovedu housewife. To supply the needs of an ordinary household, it is necessary to stamp two or three times a week, a process involving from four and a half to six hours of work each time. Kaffir corn and millet is subjected to one stamping in the wooden block to get rid of the husks, then ground fine on a flat grindstone. But porridge of kaffir corn or millet is very seldom eaten, most of it being used for beer.

Two boys come home from school and forage in the kitchen hut for their food, as their mothers have gone to the fields; of the twenty-five children in the village, they are the only ones who go to school. The midday heat is intense; the quiet air quivers under the sun's fierce rays. Some small girls sitting under a nearby tree outside the village seize hold of an empty paraffin tin and begin to sing and dance. Two of them are looking after babies, which they have strapped to their backs, but this in no way disturbs their enjoyment. Later on they will set out with old empty jam tins of various sizes to collect grasshoppers, which they catch by beating them with branches. In winter they are sent to collect wild relish for their mothers or to catch *mahoru* (*Macrotermes bellicositermes Smeathm*), which they entice out of their holes by means of a long piece

Krige and Krige E-5 (1928-1939)1943
FX14 Lovedu FX14

[facing p96]

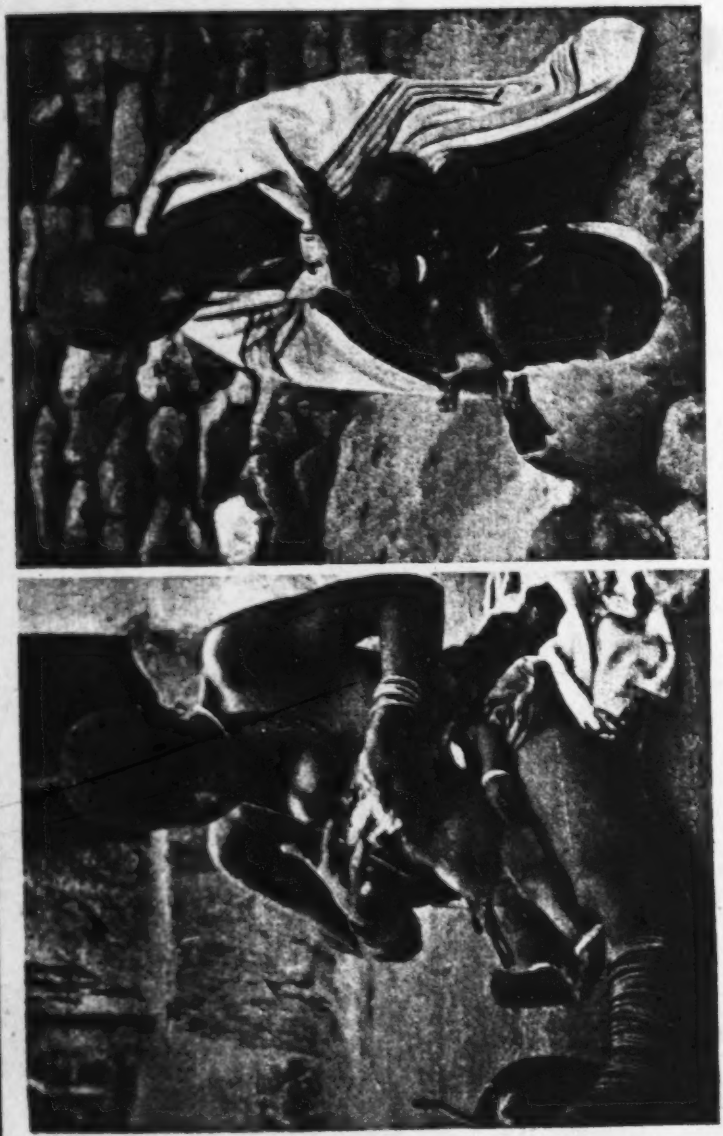
V. THE LOVEDU BABY

(*a*) FEEDING BABY

(*b*) BATHING BABY

2: Krige and Krige E-5 (1928-1939)1943
FX14 Lovedu FX14

854



V. THE LOVEDU BABY

(a) FEEDING BABY (b) BATHING BABY

853

[facing p.96]

2. Krige and Krige E-5 (1928-1939/1945)
FX14 Lovedu FX14

of *leṭaṭe* (*Mariscus sp.*) or *lejekɨjekɨ* (*Cyperus immensus*), rush-grasses which the ants seize with their antennae. The girls who have been stamping now set out with some friends from a neighbouring village, all armed with axes, to collect firewood. The girls of this company are age-mates; they share their labours, confide their love affairs, bathe together, and, in the late afternoon, when they go to the bush, they sit together elongating their *labia minora* (*hu kwɔva*). Meanwhile the village lies basking and dreaming in the afternoon sun; except for the pecking fowls there is hardly a stir. '*Vu gae*' ('Where is it—beer'), says Raselaka to his son Sekware, as he returns with some poles on his shoulder for repairing his wife's granary. 'There is beer of *lejema* [work-party] over at Mudziri's,' is the reply; and the men, accompanied by the visitors, set out for the beer drink, knowing they will be allowed to partake even though they have done no work.

The hum of voices as you near a certain kraal leaves you in no doubt that this must be Mudziri's village. A fair crowd has gathered in the courtyard of the woman who is holding the *lejema* and a typical beer-drinking scene meets the eye. The centre of the picture is a large pot of beer placed in a rounded depression made for it in the courtyard. Beside it stands a flat winnowing basket containing long-handled calabash cups from which the beer is drunk. Beside the pot sits a man who serves the beer, using a beer-cup as ladle; he gives each cup to a young man of about twenty, who hands it round. The guests have ranged themselves on either side of the beer pot, women on one side, men on the other. As each calabash is emptied, it is brought back by the young man who is doing the waiting, to be filled. There is no hurry. Each one drinks at his leisure and conversation flows freely. Every one knows he will be given in his turn and, if one man is handed a second cup, he will pass it on to any one who has not yet been served, till all have had four or five. It is a pleasant social gathering and all the latest gossip is discussed. Small children toddle about in between the drinkers and may even be given a little of the beer. Ominously Pheduli remarks, 'Madume has seen police near Medingen. There appear to be four of them. What can they be wanting?' 'Oh,' replies Dwagu, 'they are no doubt raiding for tax defaulters!' There is general uneasiness, for about a fifth of the gathering are in arrears. Muhale is six years in arrears and, as he never goes to town to work, he has not once been caught. 'They won't catch me napping in my home to-night,' volunteers Mathɨkha. 'I shall go into the bush again. Are they Shangana-Tonga or Sotho, those police Madume saw?' a very relevant question, because the Shangana-Tonga, more likely than not recruited from outside the reserve, will not know these hiding places in the forests and caves. Here Pekɨla describes how his friend Setimula, who had himself always been in default and knew all the best hiding places, had joined the police the previous year. Consequently, at the very next raid the police made a most successful scoop, catching ninety-six defaulters, whom they marched to Duivelskloof.

The beer-pot is almost empty and people are merely sitting talking when the host calls Raselaka and his European guest aside into his reception hut, together with a few other intimates. A woman brings in a small

2: Krige and Krige E-5 (1928-1939)1943
FX14 Lovedu FX14

pot of beer, decorated in a red chevron pattern, brimming with shining white bubbles at the mouth. A well-scoured basket with four beer-cups is placed beside it. The woman crawls on her knees in the presence of the guests, as is the custom. Turning to his neighbour, the host says, 'Here is a little water in honour of my good friend, headman Raselaka, and his visitor.' The man, turning to his neighbour, says, 'You heard the words of your host?' and he in turn repeats the message to Raselaka himself, who returns thanks for the honour. His thanks are similarly repeated (*hu suma*) till they reach the host, and the dishing-up begins. The host is given the first cup to drink, in accordance with Native etiquette, then Raselaka and his friend are served, the European, as an honour, being given a rounded calabash placed in a small flat basket. The group in the hut is small, so no waiter is needed. Two women form part of the select company. When the beer has sunk to the last dregs, the server says, 'The beer is finished,' whereupon all present *lɔsha* (greet) with a long-drawn-out '*Ndaaaaaaaau.*' The pot is turned upside down and emptied of the dregs, which are drunk by some one in the company. Such are the formalities of beer-drinking.

The sun has sunk low in the western horizon when you wend your way back to the village. The herdboys, with whistles and cries, are bringing home the cattle, goats, and donkeys. Two of them, one on an ox, one on a donkey, are having a race on the last level piece of ground near home. Others carry bundles of wood under their arms for the *khɔrɔ* fire. Suddenly you hear the ululations of beer carriers as a party of ten women carrying calabashes, resting in baskets half-filled with grain, comes towards you. What beer is this? Are these not the in-laws of Pɛkɛla, who lives in the village next to yours? True enough, they are bringing *khirula* beer to their *tsɛzi* (bridegroom), who married their daughter. When the women in the village see them, they, too, begin their cries of joy, accompanied by a few dancing steps (*hu pɛbɛla*); one of them even relieves a carrier of her burden and carries it for her to the hut of the son-in-law. Having set down their pots, the carriers begin dancing about, singing, '*Mushiji khi le; gi y'ɔ sheva ga nama*' (I don't eat blackjacks; I'm going to have relish of meat), in anticipation of the goat that the receiver is by custom bound to kill for them on such an occasion. He has in addition to give them a goat and 10*s.* to take back in recognition of their gift. If he has no goat, he may give them £1 in all instead. Hence the beer which the relatives of a woman send to their son-in-law each year or every few years, when they are short of corn, is really an exchange of gifts to maintain good relations. In addition, when the in-laws need anything, such as cattle or food, they may make beer and ask their *tsɛzi*, who cannot easily refuse. Immediately after their arrival, the carriers are given a pot of beer from that which they have brought. But, since your capacity for beer is more limited than that of your host, you decide you must go back to the village, as it is getting late.

Every one is converging homewards. Some women are coming with paraffin tins or pots of water on their heads; these four-gallon tins are much liked for their lightness, but the dampness of the climate soon rusts holes into them. Those coming from the fields bring with them baskets

2: Krige and Krige E-5 (1928-1939)1943
FX14 Lovedu FX14

Men have begun to suffer the penalty of reckless exposure to mosquitoes, especially after nightfall in the valleys where *morula* cider was drunk. Leaky huts and damp clothes have brought coughs, rheumatism and perhaps pneumonia. There is disease even among the cattle, which are attacked by the ticks that abound in the high grass. But these things cannot outweigh the pleasures of abundant relishes and summer fruits. April (*Thudumtoli*—the month when women ask you to help them lift (*ku rula*) the load from their heads) is indeed worthy of its name. Each afternoon the women come home with basketfuls of pumpkins, green mealies, nuts and relish. Careful housewives are drying relishes for winter while those whose weeding or mounding is up to date make tasty cakes of ground corn, monkey nuts, or the date-like fruits of the *mukhoma* tree (*Berchemia discolor*). The receptacles for storing have to be renewed for the reception of the new harvest, storage enclosures strengthened and sledges repaired. Men are to be seen daily going out to cut poles or grass, which the women carry home in enormous bundles on their heads. Soon reaping begins. The sesamum is first pulled up, then the groundnuts. Millet and kaffir corn are reaped next, lest the birds create too much havoc in the ripening fields; and, before this has ended, the mealies are garnered, stripped of their sheaths in the fields and carried home in baskets or on sledges. By the end of May, reaping and the threshing of kaffir corn and eleusine, usually done in prepared places in the fields, are in full swing. But in summer people do not, as in the planting season, work much in the mornings, except in working parties. Cooking is first finished and only after about eleven o'clock do the people go out to their fields. The men, especially those lucky enough to have no huts to renew or repair, have more leisure now, and there are daily orgies of beer-drinking. The abundance and variety of food make people forget that there might be a shortage later in the year, coming as a climax to reckless consumption and social activity. This is the time that people begin to compete in great friendly *gɔtha*-dancing displays and carry beer to relatives-in-law. Towards the end of July, when the herdboys turn the cattle to graze on the mealie stalks, there are echoing calls of joy, for soon they will not be herding at all. Grazing near home marks the beginning of the play-housekeeping of boys and girls in the reaped fields at the end of the season.

In contrast to the planting season, when the problem is to put in one's seeds betimes, reaping-time allows of a variety of other activities. From May, therefore, there are not only dances and much beer-drinking, but there is time for the plying of crafts, such as pottery, mat-making, basket-making. For the specialist in any craft is always primarily an agriculturalist who plies his craft only when he has time, and it is in vain that anyone approaches even the most skilled craftsman for an object during the planting or weeding season. Once the summer rains have stopped, courtyard walls are re-plastered and hut-building is possible. The period from August to the end of October when the fields are bare and the grass has dried is *madulahae* ('the time of sitting at home'), three months of leisure so dear to the Lovedu. Though many people are still winding up the work of the year, building and thatching, threshing and

2: Krige and Krige E-5 (1928-1939)1943
FX14 Lovedu FX14

868 greens' (*hu bɛ ba hasi hu ha murɔhɔ*), meaning that children are always of value, unlike relish, which can be used once only.

It is not so much technical skill as usefulness and willingness to help that are the great virtues. There is great tolerance of mediocre achievement and no one is made to suffer humiliation on account of it. Whenever she gets the chance, a small girl will, when her mother is stamping, try to follow suit, often with a play stamper specially made for her, and it is surprising how quickly a child will learn to winnow. Girls of from eight to ten are able to do almost every kind of housework, including the preparation of a meal. Beer-making, which requires considerable skill, is, however, not learnt till after puberty, and heavy work, such as carrying wood, is not done by young children. At the age of ten or eleven, a girl may be given a small portion of her grandmother's field to cultivate for herself. She will plant the crops she likes—lots of sugar-cane and also mealies and groundnuts—and in the disposal of these she acts as she pleases. Girls also learn the art of collecting leaves for relish: which plants can be used, which leaves are the most tasty and at what time of the year they should be picked.

●857 Most children are pleased to help a little in the household tasks, for there are not very many outside diversions. They have, however, plenty of time also for play and are gloriously free to romp on moonlight nights long after their parents have retired to bed. As with us, play among the Lovedu is largely directed to the learning of skills useful in later life. A popular pastime of children is dancing, usually among small girls, to the accompaniment of drumming on paraffin tins. At adult dances young girls seize every opportunity in between dances to practise on the drums and, when the dance is in full swing and the men in a ring round the drums are bursting their cheeks as they blow their reed pipes, it is not unusual to see five or six small boys of from three to six years old going round on the outside, reed in mouth, imitating every movement of the adults. In the games of girls (those of boys will be discussed later), imitation of adult activities, such as a game resembling initiation mummeries and play-cooking, loom large. Sometimes they build miniature villages, mould small clay pots, and pretend to cook, but often their play takes a more real form. We have seen a group of small girls collect ripe morula fruits to make their own cider in pots borrowed from home. Next day, when it was ready, they all sat down solemnly to drink it, passing round the clay dish with great dignity, as they had seen grown-ups do. A group of small boys hung around in the hope of being invited to join in and they were not disappointed. The cider was perhaps a little dirty (small girls are not particular about washing hands before pressing out the juice), but the boys found it wonderfully good.

868 268 The education of a boy is received largely through the institution of herding. His first introduction to herding is pleasant enough. At the age of four or five he sets out with one of the bigger boys, who carries food for him, since he is as yet too young to remain long without a meal. Now he has his first taste of goat's milk, the food of herdboys, who do not notice the smell that nauseates adults. The goats are milked into hollows scooped out in rocks, into which juice of various kinds of acid

2: Krige and Krige E-5 (1928-1939)1943
FX14 Lovedu FX14

fruits, such as *ditshidi*, may be squeezed to cause curds, eaten by means of a certain kinds of grass or leaves. At this stage the boy goes out with his protector to herd or stays at home with his nurse just as he pleases. Soon, however, he must begin seriously to herd goats and donkeys near home with other boys of his age. He finds this irksome at first and whenever he can he tries to remain at home with the girls. But his father will tell him that always being in women's company will make him grow up to be a coward; visitors coming to the village will ask, 'Are you herding yet?' and boys older than himself may begin to beat him if he does not accompany them, so that in the end he finds himself going out day after day to herd, whether his own father has goats and cattle or not. In the old days, when cattle raids were feared, full-grown men herded cattle; to-day this is not seen, except sometimes when on a rainy day an adult will go out with the cattle to prevent his children from getting coughs and colds. On wet days rough shelters are made, in which the herdboys sit round a fire. Just as the work of girls in the home as nursemaids and helpers forms an integral part of the whole economic structure of society, so herding is an important and essential activity. This the herdboy knows and feels.

Herding is a form of gang life in which a boy and his age-mates are very strictly controlled by those just older than themselves. It is the only discipline to which he is subjected outside the circumcision lodge, and it is characteristic of the society, that boys and girls both in and out of the formal initiation 'schools' are disciplined, not by adults, but by the group just older than themselves. It is the adults, more especially old people, who sometimes intervene on their behalf, lightening their burden. Much of what they are taught in the 'schools' likewise comes from the next age-set. As an educational principle, this is of considerable value: children learn more easily and more willingly from other children than from adults, and every boy knows that soon he too will enjoy the privilege of authority over those younger than he is. In herding, the smaller boys are made to do most of the unpleasant work. They are left to herd on hot afternoons while those older than themselves indulge in games and amusements; they have to fetch and carry for older boys and are often bullied into fighting one another. Constant fear of being made to fight decided a boy of eight to run away to his mother's brother's place. But there he had also to herd and, instead of escaping the fights he found so distasteful, he was again pitted against and worsted by boys stronger than himself. Every group of herdboys has its leader (*shɔlwɛ*), usually the strongest of the group. He and the other elder boys have many privileges. The younger boys have to do the fagging and, if they find a tree with ripe fruit, they may neither climb it nor pick fruit till they have called the older boys, who, after eating their fill, will allow them to have their turn. One branch must, however, be left untouched for the leader of the group. When cattle have strayed, the men beat only the bigger boys, knowing that the smaller ones will already have been punished by their seniors. Herdboys have their own standards, not always in accord with that of the rest of society. They steal sugar-cane, nuts, mealies from other people's fields; sometimes they collect honey from hives in the bush

2: Krige and Krige E-5 (1928-1939)1943
FX14 Lovedu FX14

868 surrounding graves, a practice that is strictly taboo; they may even steal
854 fowls to kill and eat, but in this they are invariably discovered and severely
● 857 beaten. Among girls the emphasis upon the rights of seniority is in abeyance until initiation at puberty.

Herding and its concomitant activities afford an excellent education to the growing boy, one designed to fit him for the sort of life led by adults in the old days and which, even in the changed circumstances of to-day, gives him much of value that it would be impossible to get in any school. A good deal of time is spent in hunting and trapping birds, cane-rats, squirrels, rabbits, and, near the forests, domestic cats that have become wild. Boys become experts in the use of the bow and bulb-headed arrow and in hunting learn much that is useful about the habits of animals. But this is of small importance beside other aspects of their training while herding. Everything a boy uses in hunting or in play he has to make himself. He fashions his own bow and arrows, his own traps. If boys wish to play a game of *khɔrɔrɔ*, which somewhat resembles hockey, they must cut out and shape their own clubs. They have no toys but those they have made themselves, and toy-making gives them a wonderful training in handicrafts. Herdboys mould clay oxen and manufacture toy wagons, motor cars, guns, sleds in a number of different mediums—wood, clay, mealie pith, prickly pear leaves. One day the herdboys near us would all make watches (one boy even had a locust inside his to move the hands!); on another they all came home wearing spectacles made of mealie pith, exact replicas, cleverly constructed, of those they had seen us wear. In February and March, when the grass is long, they weave grass arm bands and hats and caps of various shapes and sizes. They make a humming top of a hard-shelled fruit, *muṭuzi* (*Oncoba spinosa*) and ropes to put through the nostrils of riding oxen for reins; they make their own musical instruments and cut reed pipes for their own play-dances. In this manner herdboys learn to know a vast number of useful things about their environment—the uses and quality of the wood of various trees, which are hard and strong and which soft or pliable, those useful for carving platters, and those used in basketry, the kinds of trees that yield bird-lime, the kinds of bark that can be used for making string. In their constant quest for food, they learn to know every edible fruit, berry, and root in the veld. A herdboy walking along with you will give you the name and uses of almost every tree or shrub you pass in that rich bushveld environment, and once a boy of fifteen astonished us by being able to name over 200 specimens of plants from that area.

854 Besides riding oxen and donkeys, boys play games, some of which
857 resemble European games, such as hide-and-seek, cat-and-mouse, twos-and-threes. One game, that of hurling at a rolling tuber a stick furnished with a circle of points at one end, is recognized as a training in hunting and exactness of aim. Bands of herdboys from neighbouring districts are keen rivals, but sometimes the rivalry is between pagans and Christians. Frequently fights take place. The winners will then milk the goats and ride the oxen of the vanquished, who may be made to undergo the disgrace of driving home the cattle of their conquerors.

2: Krige and Krige E-5 (1928-1939)1943
FX14 Lovedu FX14

Even if blood flows, no case can be brought against a herdboy, for he is still uncircumcised, irresponsible.

Training for both boys and girls in home-making is embodied in the institution known as *mandwane*, which, while being little more than a game, is nevertheless accorded adult recognition. Utilization by the children of the harvest gleanings after reaping, which may be regarded as its practical economic aspect, is to-day not much in evidence, but while it lasts women whose sons are taking part are saved the trouble of cooking the evening meal. After the reaping, when the cattle graze in the mealie lands near home, *mandwane* is begun by the girls calling the boys to come and be chosen. They stand in a row while each girl chooses a 'husband' by kneeling before and greeting the boy of her choice. He signifies his consent by answering the greeting. After the parents have been told of their intention to hold *mandwane*, the boys begin to build rough huts in the fields, while the girls smear the floors and courtyards. Each couple may have its own establishment with very often also a small child chosen as their 'child', or one large house for all may be made. With pots, baskets, spoons, and other utensils borrowed from home, the girls stamp mealie meal and cook dishes of porridge, nuts, and pumpkin, while the boys, if they can, bring home birds as relish. The game begins about eleven o'clock in the morning and ends in dancing and singing after dark; this lasts for about ten days or more till, at the end, the miniature village is burnt. Each 'wife', in addition to serving food to her 'husband' in the proper manner, must also take food every evening to her 'mother-in-law' in the boy's home. This is eaten, not by the mother-in-law herself, but by children of the household who are not taking part in the game. Occasionally the elders walk over to watch activities in the play-village and give a word of advice. That the institution is taken seriously by adults is shown by the fact that, though *mandwane* partners never marry, the mother of the girl will very often after the *mandwane* take a gift of beer (usually five calabashes or so) to the parents of her small daughter's 'husband', who will slaughter a goat in recognition of the gift just as though the relationship were real. There is nothing to prevent relatives from being *mandwane* partners. To-day the 'husband' is usually much younger than the 'wife' and the game is confined to children under the age of puberty. Not more than a few years ago, however, boys and girls of marriageable age used to take part, the institution being considered as primarily for them. One of the reasons for the change is the absence of many of the older boys at work in town, while the failure of young men to keep the rules against impregnation in the play sexual intercourse that often forms part of the game makes mothers loath to allow elder girls to join in.

General behaviour, attitudes, and values are not taught by any formal training. These are inextricably bound up with life in the society and become unconsciously adopted by any one fully partaking in social life. Even a European, when speaking the language and trying to enter into their social activities, finds himself unconsciously taking for granted values that he never had before and which are certainly not to be found in European life. They seem to follow naturally from the social situation

2: Krige and Krige E-5 (1928-1939)1943
FX14 Lovedu FX14

857
291
415

292
301
535

VII. ADOLESCENCE

(*a*) REALISTIC PLAY-COOKING IN THE MANQWANE

(*b*) A TROUPE OF YOUTHFUL DANCERS

[facing p. 112]